

Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

VOLUME II.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

NUMBER 25.

Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

WILLIAM DREW.

TERMS.

WEEKLY—\$5 a year, payable invariably in advance; single copies 12 1/2 cents. Advertisements, \$1 50 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and \$1 for every subsequent insertion.

SANTA FE HOUSE,

LOUIS DORRENCE, Proprietor.

THE above House has just been completed and opened in the city of Santa Fe, is entirely new and in every way commodious, and has attached to it a corral, and adobe Stables sufficient for the accommodation of one hundred horses. The best accommodations will be offered to travellers and permanent boarders, and every means used to contribute to their comfort. This House is situated between the Rio Chiquito and the Rio de Santa Fe.

Santa Fe, July 17, 1852.—1f.

Notice.

ALL those having claims against the undersigned are requested to present them immediately for settlement. And those indebted to him and the late firm of Isidore Hochstetler, are notified to make payment immediately, or legal proceedings will be instituted for collection.

During the absence of the undersigned from the city, Levi Spiegelberg is his authorized agent to transact all his business.

S. J. SPIEGELBERG.

Santa Fe, Nov. 4, 1852.—1f.

THE U. S. Mail from Santa Fe to the States leaves regularly on the first day of each month.

Passage during the summer months \$135 00

winter months \$140 00

40lbs of baggage allowed to each passenger.

WALDO, HALL, & CO Proprietors.

Santa Fe, Sept. 15, 1852.—1f.

Notice to travellers.

THE undersigned, Mail Contractor from San Antonio, Texas, to Santa Fe, N. Mexico, would respectfully inform the travelling public that he has placed upon the line the best kind of stock and good comfortable spring carriages for the accommodation of passengers.

The mail will leave Santa Fe on the first of each month, and arrive at San Elizario by the 11th.

Leave San Elizario on the 12th of every other month, and arrive at San Antonio on the last day of the same month.

Leave San Antonio on the first of every other month, and arrive at San Elizario on the 10th.

Leave San Elizario on the 20th of each month, and arrive at Santa Fe the last day of the same month.

This will be the arrangement for the present—but will in a short time be changed to a monthly mail.

Passengers will be taken through from Santa Fe to San Antonio for \$125, and from El Paso to San Antonio for \$100. From Santa Fe to El Paso for \$30.

Passengers will be allowed 40 pounds of baggage.

Greatest distances between watering places 40 miles. Mr. Skillman is an old hand and well acquainted with the route.

He will also have on the line a small train of light wagons.

HENRY SKILLMAN.

Santa Fe, Dec. 6, 1851.—1f.

J. W. REED,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

CITY OF SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO. WILL practice in the Courts of Santa Fe, and adjoining counties; and will attend to criminal business in any part of the Territory.

Santa Fe, Sept. 25, 1852.—Bmo

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Rumley & Ardinger are hereby notified to come forward and make immediate settlement to the undersigned. And all those having claims against said firm are notified to present the same for allowance.

T. K. McCUTCHEN.

Assignee of Rumley & Ardinger.

Santa Fe, Oct. 16, 1852.—1f.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned has been granted letters of administration on the estate of Hermann Grolman, deceased, by the Probate Judge of the county of San Miguel, Territory of New Mexico, bearing date the day of August, 1852, and all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from said estate, and if not within three years, shall be forever barred; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to come forward and make settlement.

HENRY CONNELLY,

Administrator.

Las Vegas, Oct. 2, 1852.—1f.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order from the Methodist Board of Missions, I will offer at public sale, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., at the Methodist Mission Chapel in this city, all the property belonging to said Mission, in this place, consisting of the Chapel furniture, a lot of well-selected books, &c., &c. Terms: cash.

W. G. KEPHART.

Santa Fe, N. M., Dec. 2, 1852.

Sublimities of the Study of Science.

No age of the world has developed such scientific truth as the present.—The rapidity with which it has been evolved from nature has surprised even its devoted admirers. The history of a Pre-Adamite world has been geologically read; infidel theories in regard to the creation of the world overturned; and new discoveries in the heavens made with the telescopic eye.

Science unlocks the boundless storehouse of Nature. With her for a guide, the world is only a museum, classified,

but not methodically arranged; a moving panorama, where the scenes, ever varying, are still instructive; a lesson of wisdom, enabling us in the crystal dew, or the rainbow arch, the flower spangled prairie or the majestic forest, the coral ledge or the expanded continent, to behold an infinite Redeemer.

The sublimity of science is seen in the beauty and grandeur of the universe. The vast and the minute, the illimitable and the microscopic, the gigantic mammoth and the smallest insect, the huge ocean king and the almost invisible coral animalcule, the wide waste of waters, the snow-crowned mountains, the far-reaching plains and channelled valleys,—this earth, where the ice pillars are shining, the crystal waves dashing, the green carpet growing, the sand clouds burning, and the innumerable heavenly orbs glittering with radiated or reflected light—are among some of the sublimities which deck the temple of science.

But this study is not alone connected with the present. Through it we can trace animate and inanimate nature back to their origin, read their history, and understand their use. We admire the sublimity of a mass of icy mountains, of Niagara, of a lava-breathing volcano, and of a furiously circling maelstrom.—We view, as sketches of the sublime in nature, an ocean sunrise, a lightning-veined storm-cloud, and the northern sky silver-sheathed with the radiant Aurora. All these excite in the soul its strongest emotions. But diversified as they appear, beautiful and thrilling as are her natural splendors when viewed by the light of the sciences, yet they are only a very few of the many grand scenes which our globe has presented from its first evolving to the present time.

Science reveals that the world had been in existence myriads of years before the time of Adam—that before the present races of animals and plants had been created, there were several distinct creations, each existing many thousand years,—that at the terminating and commencing of each, the world was convulsed, continents sank and ocean-beds upheaved—volcanoes were quenched and new ones lighted—rivers changed their courses, and seas and lakes were formed anew. She tells us that this earth was once a partially melted ball of fire—again it was somewhat evolved, but the boiling ocean and molten crust told still of internal heat. Another period finds mountains, plains, rivers and valleys, but not a vestige of animate life inhabits it. The sun rose and set on a verdureless continent and a tenantless sea. Another revolution, and life came. A few species of plants decked the stoney and the crystal-edged rock, and varieties of shell-fish first sported amid the surf on the lake and the ocean shores. Another and another revolution on the earth at each successive period becoming more and more prepared for higher orders; and finally, after the last convulsion, oceans and seas were placed within their present limits, the latest races of animals and plants created, and God's crowning work, Man, breathed the breath of life.

Such is Science as she reads the history of our earth. Is it doubted? It is written in eternal characters upon our gigantic mountains, amid our massive quarries, within our massive caverns, and along our boulder pathways. Within the beds of solid rock, beneath our hills and plains, the physical history of our globe is legibly inscribed, and by the aid of science that history can be plainly read. It shows where land and sea were found uncounted years ago. It tells us without the aid of revelation, that Niagara has rolled over those jutting rocks for thousands of years.

It tells us that in this western region, where now the tops of high hills appear, once existed a broad plain, and that all the inequalities of surface—the dell where the fountain springs, or the deep valley where the river flows—have all been channelled out by natural causes, during the protracted flight of time. It records an era when our temperate zones glowed with the warmth of the burning tropics, and gigantic palms and ferns, and club-mosses luxuriantly vegetated; and again it tells us of a time when every hillside, nook and mountain glen, were the beds of vast glaciers whose branching banks reached for hundreds of miles.

Yet this is not all: the sublimities connected with science reside not in earth alone. They cluster around the golden lights in the upper vaults; the planetary

worlds moving harmoniously around central luminaries; suns innumerable with all their trains of satellites, and brilliant comets revolving in cycles vast; the immeasurable machinery, all nicely adjusted, circling on their eccentric orbits. And far, far away in the ocean of ether, beyond the present visible stars, where the brightest ray of our sun never reaches, where the sapphire lens of our telescope alone has penetrated, bright suns sparkle out of the nebulous mist, and with their attendants—glittering constellations after constellation—are seen to roll on in the same cycles as they were placed on creation's morn. Is not this a scene of sublimity? Is not the horizon-bounded sky, grained with worlds floating in space, sufficient to inspire the true lover of science with elevated perceptions of the great Creator who sent these twinkling forth from chaos?

Such are the sublimities of science. They speak of scenes of grandeur almost beyond belief; and were it not for the irrefutable proof which the banner of the geologist and the lens of the astronomer have established, we might view them as romantic theories, which the wildest varieties of fiction have never before been able to conceive.

The glorious lesson which they convey is by no means trifling. Infidels have attempted to wield them as formidable arguments to disprove the existence of God and the truth of religion; but the revelations of science, fully developed, blast their infamous design. It was one of her crowning glories, that when her geological records were seized by atheistical hearts, who endeavored to render obscure a true revealed religion, that she soon emerged, tearing down the strongholds in which infidelity had so strongly entrenched itself, and furnished additional testimony to the truth of holy writ. Yes, the connection of science with religion is its greatest sublimity. It shows, in a measure, God's goodness to man—his unbounded benevolence in preparing a habitation for his noblest work. It conveys a lesson in morals. As we move onward along life's pathway, whether pampered by luxury, grappling with fate, or tried by penury; whether officiating in the holy sanctuary, struggling on the race-ground of fate, or drinking at the fountain of learning; it tells us to sever the cords which bind us to all that is not pure and holy; it gives us enlarged views on the topics which task the wisdom of earth; and it turns the soul from always contemplating the trifling affairs of this world, and bids it look through the limits of science, up to the God of sublimity.—Ohio Journal of Education.

The Jumping Tooth-ache in a Whale.

The Hallowell Gazette gives the following curious extract from a whale-man's journal:

Among the ailments to which the sperm whale is subject, is the jumping tooth-ache. It operates upon their nervous system as it does upon those of mankind, rendering them crabbed and fractious. Just at daybreak one morning, when we were cruising on the 'off shore' ground, a violent commotion in the water about two miles ahead, resembling breakers, attracted attention. It continued unabated till within fifty rods of it, when a sperm whale (for such it proved to be) threw his entire body into the air and fell back into his native element with a tremendous report. Of course the yards were hauled aback, and the boats lowered, but several minutes elapsed before it was deemed prudent to approach the monster. Finding, however, that he had no idea of becoming quiet, we advanced with caution, and succeeded in securing one iron firmly in his back, which rendered him more reticent. Giving him plenty of slack line, we removed to a respectful distance, hoping he would sound or retreat, but he was not disposed to do either. So, taking our oars, we pulled sufficiently near to give the boat-header an opportunity to lance him. He seemed to be aware of our intention, for he turned and rushed towards us with the design of giving us a fowling, which we narrowly escaped. During the next half hour he chased us, and it was with much difficulty that we avoided him. When near us he turned on his back, and raised his jaw, bringing to view two handsome rows of ivory. Among terrific objects an enraged whale holds a prominent place.

An hour passed in unavailing attempts to accomplish the desired object, the whale becoming more furious, and the

hope of conquering him growing fainter. At length while the attention of the monster was directed towards us, the mate came upon him in an opposite direction and dealt him a death wound, relieving us of a burden of anxiety, which indicated itself in the pallid countenances and the nervous agitation of the boat crew. He was very reluctant to yield and the death struggle was long and violent.—If a cat has nine lives, as is sometimes remarked, that fellow had nineteen.

Before night his blubber was in the try-pots, and his jaw was stripped of its covering. On extracting the teeth, the cause of his singular movement was revealed. The cavities in several contained a large number of worms, an eighth of an inch in length. The teeth were perfectly sound, but the marrow-nerve of the tooth, which was an inch in diameter at the lower extremity, was in many of them consumed by the insects that seemed to have been bred there.

The memoirs of the Rev. H. B. Soule, formerly pastor of the Universalist church in this city, have just been published by his wife. We extract the following amusing incident.—Hallowell Courant.

A Country Wedding.

'Did I ever tell you of a certain wedding I once attended? Its history runs on this wise: On one stormy Thursday last winter, as I was going to the Post Office, I was accosted by a young man, or old boy, (I don't know which, but shall leave you to judge,) with the inquiry, 'I say, mister, can't ye tell me, sir, where Dominie Soule lives?' 'I suppose I am the man you are seeking,' the young man's countenance changed. The expression of intense anxiety passed away, and was succeeded by one of ludicrous bashfulness. 'Well, then, you're Dominie Soule, be ye?' 'Well, I want to see you a few minutes, if you've no objections.' 'None at all, sir. Be so kind as to walk into my study with me, where we can attend to your business by the side of a comfortable fire.'

'Once in the study, he asked again, 'You're Dominie Soule, the minister, be ye?' 'I am.' 'Be ye all alone?' looking sheepishly at the half open bedroom door. 'We are,' said I, as I closed it. I knew well what he wanted, but I was wicked enough to enjoy his embarrassment. After hitching and shuffling and hemming awhile, he spoke out, 'Well, I come for to get you to go and marry somebody to-night.' 'Indeed, and how far is it?' 'O, it's only just seven miles up here, you know.' I wanted he should go and get some one else; it stormed furiously, and I did not feel like buffetting a cold nor'easter that night. But he said 'no; the old folks want you, and the gal wants you, and so do I want you, and the old folks wouldn't like it if we didn't have you, you know.' 'Well, if you must have me, I wish you would postpone it till better weather; I will then come up and marry you.' 'O dear, that won't do, no how, for we've postponed it once, and wouldn't postpone it again for nothin'.' I then said to him, 'Sir, I'll tell you what I will do—if you will come down here I will marry you for nothing.' 'No, that wouldn't do neither; cause the old folks wants for to see us git married; and you must come any ways, you shan't lose nothin'.'

'The poor fellow begged so hard, I concluded to go, and accordingly hired a horse and cutter, and about five o'clock started on my novel wedding mission.—I found the travelling exceedingly bad all the way, and particularly so after I left the main road. At length I reached the log house in which the fair bride lived. Hitching my horse, I went to the door and knocked, when a stern old voice bade me 'come in.' Entering the house, I was invited to sit down with all my over-clothes on. I asked the old man if they were going to have a wedding there that evening. He said they were. I then looked around to see, if I could, where the parties were coming from. There was but one door to the house, and that let out into the world. Very soon, however, I heard a clattering up stairs, and, to my astonishment, the bridegroom and bride came down the ladder. He backed down, leading her by both hands. They were seated.

'If you are ready for the ceremony, you will please rise.'

They stared at each other, at the old folks, at me but sat still. Twice I repeated it, and twice was met by the same vacant stare.

'If you want to get married, stand up,' said I. That they understood, and I

proceeded to make the twain one.—When I came to this part of the ceremony, the matter ran thus:

'Do you take this woman,' &c.?

'Most sartainly, sir.'

'Do you promise to love her above all others,' &c.?

'Why,' said he, 'I've done so this good while.'

I almost forgot the solemnity of the occasion in my efforts to suppress laughter. When I came to the bride with this question, 'Do you take this man,' &c.?

'He's took me, hain't he, for to be his wife; he's my husband, then, without my takin' him.'

'Do you promise to love him above all others,' &c.?

'I'll love him just as long as he loves me, and that's long enough.'

I smiled, but succeeded in governing myself so as to conclude the ceremony, which throughout was of the same unique character. When it was over, the bridegroom passed around a bowl of good old black strap, and then gave me a cigar. Just as I was leaving, he gave me some change, which I put in a separate pocket, to know just how much I had. When I got home, I paid ten shillings for my horse and cutter, and, on counting my change, found that he had given me the sum of six and sixpence. But, as he said, I didn't lose nothin'—the other three and sixpence I had in fun.

Posterity's Claims.

It is related of one of the Emperors of Persia that he was excessively fond of hunting. On one of these excursions he passed the premises of an old farmer, whom he discovered to be busily engaged in a field near his house. The silver locks of Age hung upon his brow; the storms of many winters had expended their fury around his dwelling, while his tottering step and furrowed cheek told most eloquently that, with the old man, life's tale was nearly told. The Emperor approached and accosted him as follows:

'Friend, how old art thou?'

'Just about four years,' replied the old man. 'It is now about four years since light from above broke in upon my soul, and I, as I trust, experienced a change of heart. Now, throwing away the former part of my life as spent to no good purpose, and dating from the time I began to live for God and heaven, makes me just about four years old.'

The old man was busily engaged in putting out a small tree, which required years to mature. 'What are you putting out that tree for?' interrogated the Emperor; 'do you expect to reap its fruit?' 'No,' was the prompt reply of the old man, 'but I am doing this for the benefit of posterity.'

The Emperor rewarded the old man liberally for the quaint manner in which he replied to his questions, and went his way.

A moral may be drawn from this little incident. How few comparatively do any thing substantial for the benefit of posterity! What are we doing for the benefit of those who are to succeed us?

There is more fatigue in laziness than in labor.

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

Surely some people must know themselves; they never think of any thing else.

We clip from an exchange the following sensible suggestion:

JERKED BEEF.—A cow or an ox knocked from a railroad track by a steam engine.

The National Hen Convention will probably be held next season at Egg Harbor.

Nobody ever sees an action as very wrong when under the excitement of doing it.

A BRAVE MAN.—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes, until he is able to pay for new ones.

'When a man calls on you in the busiest portion of the day, it is not worth while for him to stay more than an hour after he has told you all he knows.'

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a strong mind to be its own master; a pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it.

These are stirring times, as the spoon said to the tea-cup.